

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that;
Whatever you say—Be true.
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Cobbler.

What do you think I saw today,
When I walked forth to take the air?
I saw a little house of hay,
All in a pasture fair.

And just within the green grass door
I saw a little cobbler sit;
He sat, cross-legged, upon the floor,
And tapped, tip-tit, tip-tit.

"What are you making there so neat?"
"Gaiters for glow-worms," he made reply;
"And thistledown slippers for fairy feet,
And garden boots for a butterfly."

"What do they pay you, my busy mite?"
"Some bring me honey, and some bring dew,
And the glow-worms visit me every night,
And light my chamber through."
—A. Niel Lyons, in The Clarion.

Blowing Bubbles.

Bonny, brown-eyed, laughing boy,
Fathers' pride and mother's joy,
On the mansion's lawn he stands,
Bowl and pipette in his hands,
Blowing bubbles.

Rising, glittering in the sun,
Floating, bursting, by one,
Nothing else he seems to see,
Happier than a king is he,
Blowing bubbles.

Though it is but a childish game,
Still it seems to me the same,
Which we mean and women play—
Are we not from day to day
Blowing bubbles?

"Building castles in the air,"
Dreaming dreams that seem so fair,
Dreams of glory, fortune, fame,
Ah, how like this dear boy's game,
Blowing bubbles.

Men for fortune play, or fame,
Boys for fun that's in the game,
When our bubbles burst we quaff
Miser's cup—Boys only laugh,
Blowing bubbles.

—Charles W. Hubner, in the Atlanta Journal.

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

If the Wide-Awakes do not increase the number of letters Uncle Jed will be obliged to decrease the number of books given away.

Uncle Jed knows that summer weather is sleepy weather to all but the Wide-Awakes. Two of the Wide-Awake girls have surprised Uncle Jed by their persistence and good work. The only letters Uncle Jed now has on hand were written by the Brehaut sisters, and they write whether they win a prize or not, and they have won many nice books, and will be likely to win more. We have letters enough from them to fill the Wide-Awake department for three weeks, and they are excellently written and very accurate in their statements of facts. These little misses seem to enjoy their work, and to think first of doing what they undertake well and last of getting a book.

Uncle Jed has to throw some letters in the waste basket because the writers are careless and string words together without saying anything. They want to win a book, but appear to be unwilling to work for it.

Some of the Wide-Awakes are busy, and the way for them to win books easy is to write Uncle Jed all about what they are doing and what they are enjoying.

The Bulletin has sent out over 700 books to its Wide-Awake letter writers and it hopes the readers will enable it by their interest to circulate over a book a day to the children of its patrons.

OUT IN THE OPEN COUNTRY

The May Flies.

Two large white butterflies flew over a little brook one warm day in May. There were a great many flies dancing over the water as they passed, and they flew around a few times and watched them.

"What funny little things!" said one butterfly. "Do you know what they are called?"

"Yes," answered the other; "those are May flies, and I can tell you something very strange about them."

"Oh," said the first, "what is it?" "They haven't any mouths!" said the second.

"Not any mouths? Well, that is strange! Do you know if there are many other insects which have no mouths?"

"No, I think they are almost the only ones."

"And so they never eat anything?" "No, nothing at all; they just live for two or three days, and spend all their time dancing up and down in the sunshine, and turning up their funny little tails with the three long bristles at the end, and then they fall into the water and die."

"Well, said the other white butterfly, as they flew on, 'we don't eat much, but I, for one, shouldn't at all like to be without a mouth.'"

—Evelyn Maud Whitaker, in Our Little Dots.

The Blackberry Party.

(By Martha M. Currier.)
Many years ago there were only a few log cabins in a certain town in Maine, and most of these were built very near the shore, where the settlers could get fish and clams to eat. It was then that many wild animals lived in the nearby woods and often

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Bertha Fuller of Eagleville: I received the prize book and I thank you very much for it. I enjoyed reading it and I think it is a nice book.

Winnifred Holton of North Franklin: I think you must like to give surprises, for you did surprise me by giving me Ann Marshall's Corner Cupboard. I like it very much and thank you for it.

A. DeWitt Parsons of Norwich: I thank you very much for my book. I have not had time to finish reading it, as I have had other work to do.

Augusta Krouss of Plainfield: I thank you very much for the book you sent me for writing the story of "Benjamin Franklin." I am reading it and I think it is very interesting. I will close now, thanking you ever and ever so much for the book entitled The Automobile Girls at Newport.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Ruth Kingsley of Scotland, A World of Girls, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

2—Harriet P. Perkins of Colchester, Polly, a New-Fashioned Girl, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

3—Lillian M. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y., A Girl from America, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

4—Jessie L. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y., The School of Queens, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

5—Edward Kuchle of Mansfield Center, Lost in the Great Dismal Swamp, by Laurence J. Leslie.

6—Nellie Cotter of Scotland, Wild Kittie, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

7—Blanch Richard of Yantic, Sue, a Little Heroine, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

8—Katherine May Riddell of Oneco, The Haunter of the Pine Gloom, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Studies and Learns Agriculture.

One day I was at school when a supervisor from Storrs college came in. He asked us how we would like to study agriculture. Everybody wanted to, so he told us if we wanted to we could win a \$50 trip to Washington, D. C. He said: "The boy in this country who gets the most corn from an acre of ground can go to Washington to see the capital, etc."

I have planted a half acre of corn and it is about two inches high. I have learned from agriculture how to tell a beetle from a bug and an insect from either of them. An insect is a six-legged creature. A spider is not an insect because he has eight legs.

A beetle has a triangle where his wings are joined to his body. A bug is an insect that has no triangle and if you tried to stick a pin through his body his wings would go out one side.

I have also learned how to tell a browntail and gypsy moth. There are \$700,000,000 worth of crops destroyed in the United States in a year by insects.

I haven't learned much more because I haven't studied agriculture only a few weeks.

I wish everybody studied agriculture and learned to be good farmers.

I suppose they have agriculture to encourage the children to stay in the country. There are some people who simply waste their lives when they go to large cities.

I am sure I would stay in the country, anyhow. The country is more healthy, too.

I hope most of the Wide-Awakes will be good farmers so they can come to the country to live on farms.

—ERNEST HATTIN, Age 11.

Sir Walter Raleigh—1552-1618.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in an old farmhouse in the county of Devon, not far from the town of Plymouth.

Raleigh's boyhood was spent wandering about the green lanes near his home, walking beside the clear streams, often with a book in his hand. He loved reading and learning, and it is said he often went to bed for five hours, reading late at night, and beginning again early in the morning.

He loved to read about battlefields, exploits on land; but he never did like to read of doings at sea, and of fierce conflicts on the wide ocean.

When he was 14 he went to Oxford. There he met Sir Philip Sidney, and a friendship sprang up which lasted strong and true till death. Both were fond of learning, both eager for fame, though the gentle and sweeter manners of Sidney were a strange contrast to the somewhat harsh manners and iron will of Raleigh. After three years Raleigh left Oxford without a degree to go to France and help the English to fight for the French Protestants, who were being badly treated by the Catholics. It was very likely that, with Sidney, he was in Paris on the night of the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, and from his hiding place saw the Protestants being killed without mercy.

When he had served his time Raleigh joined the army and went to England. He went to London and took

up his abode near his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He went to the New World with Sir Humphrey and fought against the Spaniards, hoping to find gold. He was very brave, and Raleigh returned he was sent to rule Ireland, where he lived for several years.

—LILLIAN M. BREHAUT, Age 15.

East Norwich, New York.

The Ways of Plants.

Meadow grass, thistles, in rich moist soil, but thistles often spring up in sandy places.

Clover seeks the warm sunshine, while ferns grow best in shady woods. Mosses cling to the hard surfaces of rocks, but water lilies take root in the soft mud at the bottom of ponds.

Many trees thrive in swamps, others on dry hillsides.

Sometimes seeds of swamp plants blow to dry sandy fields, but there they will die. If thistle seeds blow into swamps they perish.

Some kinds of rice grow in flooded fields, but cactus plants thrive in deserts.

Every kind of plant grows to suit its haunts. By its roots, stems, leaves and blossoms it is fitted to get its food and ripen its seeds.

The stem of the water lily grows long enough to reach from the mud to the surface of the water, where the seeds may ripen in the sun and air.

Some grasses send their roots many feet into the ground in search of water.

Plants have enemies, but they also have means of defending themselves against some of the enemies.

Thus worms and bugs destroy potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables; caterpillars often swarm in apple trees, eating the leaves and sometimes killing the trees.

Birds destroy many seeds, using them for food.

In defense, the thorns on roses often prevent animals from breaking the stems or eating their branches.

Some plants protect themselves by secreting poison juices; some by their sap; some by sending out their surfaces sticky gums.

Many plants by means of their seeds, roots or stems can spread over wide areas.

PURE ALE

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"In a Minute."

Dora was a little girl, six years old. She loved her dear mamma very much. But the little girl had one fault, which made her mamma, very sad. If her mamma told her to get the scissors she would say:

"Yes, mamma, in a minute."

If she told to do anything, she would say:

"In a minute."

Dora had a pretty pet canary. She was very fond of the little birdie, because it could sing so sweetly. If Dora called it, it would leave its cage and hop about the room.

One day Dora opened the door of the cage and called her birdie. It came out and hopped about the room. Dora's mamma told her to close the door, for the cat might come in and kill the birdie.

"Yes, mamma, I'll close it in a minute," said Dora.

Just then the cat came and took the birdie between its sharp teeth. Now Dora ran to close the door, but it was too late. The cat had killed the little bird, and it was her fault.

Dora was very sorry and she never again said to her mamma "In a minute."

—GUSSEI SHERSHPOVSKY, Age 11.

Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

George Washington.

George Washington was born on a plantation in Virginia in the year 1732. When he was eleven his father died, leaving him and his brothers and sisters to the care of a most excellent and sensible mother.

George went to a country school near his home where he learned to read, write and figure.

When he was twelve he could write a clear, bold hand. He was a tall, strong boy, fond of all outdoor sports. When the schoolboys wanted to play soldier they always choose George as commander, then they would rush in to battle with a wild hurrah.

When he was twenty-one he was over six feet in height. He was straight as an arrow and tough as a whip.

Washington was the first president of the United States and was elected twice. He died in the year 1799.

—BLANCH RICHARD, Age 12.

Yantic.

Squirrels.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the squirrel. It is a beautiful little animal. The grey and black squirrels live in the forest and make

their nest of leaves and sticks on high branches. It is amusing to see the squirrel spring from branch to branch, or run up and down the tree and start behind it to escape from sight.

Little ground squirrels burrow in the earth. They eat nuts, which they hold in their paws, using them as little boys use their hands.

—MARY NOLAN, Age 12.

Taftville.

Julia's Idea.

Dear Uncle Jed: I know of three boys who are very cruel to birds and animals.

One boy takes baby birds and cages them up; and one will take birds that have broken wings and will throw stones at them until near death. He is very cruel.

I think if he reads my letter he will be sorry.

Mildred E. Grandy: I think Flora, Flossie, May and Clover are pretty names for calves.

—JULIA LATHAM.

Squirrels.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about our little friends, the squirrels. The squirrel builds his nest in high trees. They make their nests with grass and hay and line them with birds' nests and feathers. The squirrels like nuts and acorns best to eat. The squirrels' coats are grey and some are of a reddish brown.

Sometimes when the squirrels get angry you can hear them scold and chatter. The squirrels are good for pets and food. They sometimes do harm by getting into bird's nests and stealing their eggs.

Sometimes people set traps for squirrels and rabbits. The grey squirrels are best for food. In November the people shoot the grey squirrels for food.

—IMOGEN SMITH, Age 11.

Her School Picnic.

Dear Uncle Jed: Now that school is closed I have time to tell you about things. School closed yesterday.

Every year at the closing of school we have a picnic. We had a very good time yesterday. I took my little sister with me. She is ten years and nine months old and her name is Mildred.

I think I will tell you a little about my baskets now. My sister and I had baskets to two of our friends.

May 2d. We had a few of our other friends there and had quite a nice time. Another time we went I was

hiding with four other girls, and we all fell down a rather steep bank together, but were not hurt.

—NELLIE COTTER.

He Belongs to the Corn Club.

Dear Uncle Jed: Our school closed on June 9. We had pieces to say. The name of my piece was "The Captain's Daughter."

I won a prize for perfect attendance.

I have planted some corn. I belong to the Corn Club.

I have a pet dog. His name is Waldman. He is a dachshund. His color is brown. He has crooked legs, but he can run fast. If he wants to go out he will scratch on the door and look at Mamma. If he wants something to eat he will get a hold of Mamma's dress and bark. If you tell him to speak he will sit down on his hind legs and bark.

We have a little calf. It is very pretty.

We also have some cats. These are my pets.

—EDWARD KUCHEL,

Mansfield Center.

The Blood-Root and Its Cousin.

Dear Uncle Jed: I wonder how many of the Wide Awakes are interested in studying flowers? I suppose some do not live where there are many, but I happen to.

One year in school we kept a flower calendar to see how many different flowers we could bring in. One of the first flowers to come in the spring is the bloodroot. It is found by the roadside and in the woods. It has snowy white petals and a long hairy stem. The bloodroot has been called "Nature's Easter lily." The bloodroot lasts but a few days. When we pick it the red juice stains our hands. The Indians used it for war paint.

Another flower that is connected with the bloodroot is the celandine. The celandine has the same red juice as the bloodroot, except it is a little lighter. Before the celandine has ceased to blossom long pods have taken the place of the flowers. They stand erect and are swollen as if they were too large for the seeds they hold.

The celandine came from Europe. The English name of the plant is swallowwort, because its flower comes and goes with the swallows.

—RUTH KINGSLEY, Age 11.

Scotland.

Thoughtful Fido.

One morning Bobby was playing in the garden with his pet dog, Fido.

There was a pond in the garden and Bobby liked to run along the smooth border.

Fido always took care that his young master was not too near the border. So he ran along between Bobby and the border as they played. He acted as if he knew there was danger.

While they were running along, a gust of wind took his hat off, and, in reaching for it, he fell into the water.

Fido looked at him for a moment, then he ran back to his father Carlo. Fido said something to Carlo in their language. Carlo sprang up, shook himself and ran as fast as he could with Fido at his heels.

Bobby had sunk twice and his face was as white as the snow. Fido ran to the house and barked so much Bobby's mother, being disturbed from her work, went to see what could be the matter. Fido took her by the dress to the pond where Carlo had just brought Bobby to the border. The mother kissed the three over a hundred times and said she would keep Carlo and Fido as long as they lived.

—HARRIET P. PERKINS, Age 14.

Colchester.

Abraham Lincoln.

Dear Uncle Jed: I guess all the girls and boys know the story about Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in a little farmhouse. He was born February 12, 1809. His father and mother wanted to name him Abraham after his grandfather.

He did not go to school very long. His first teacher was his mother. She taught him to read and write. She also taught her husband to read and write, for at that time, there were no schools.

One day Abraham went to court and after the court was over he went up to the lawyer and said: "That is the best speech I ever heard in my life."

After a long time the people had to select a new president. All the people said that they wanted Abraham Lincoln for a president. So he was elected.

One day he went to a theater and in this theater was a man who did not like Lincoln; so he shot at him. Even the slaves that he set free were so sorry about it they tried to find the man but could not.

—KATHERINE MAY RIDDLEL.

Oneco.

The world owes us all a living and

lingness to die for a girl's love. marriage may live to wish he had.